ARIZONA REPUBLICAN SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1921 CLANK !



A DESCRIPTION OF A MUMBER OF PESTS FOUND IN EVERY GOOD MEIGHBORHOOD...THE CHAMPIONS OF CIVIC DEVELOPMENT HAVE OVERLOOKED THESE BIRDS...WE DON'T WISH THEM ANY HARM BUT WE HOPE THEY CHOKE!



CALLY TWO ACRES O'THIS T'DO D, AN' THE SUN AINT EVEN IN SIGHT YET!

DONT PICK OUT TWO TEST OUT YOUR FLIVVER. YOU'RE PRETTY LIABLE TO TEST OUT THE MORGUE IF YOU KEEP IT UP



PRETTY GOOD FER ONE MORNIN' I'LL SAY: ONLY 947 TRIPS BOTH WAYS B'TWEEN MONRO 'A MCDOWELL 'N SHES SHOWIN' MORE SPEED EV'RY TRIP!! CMOUT HERE, DERN



YE, 'N TAKE YR MEDICINE! GWAY FIDO! GWAY!

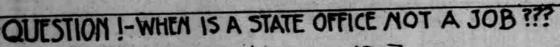
A BACKFIRING MOTOREYCLE IS VERY CONDUCIVE TO SLEEP IN THE EARLY MORN.

IF YOU HAVE ONE OF THESE MAN-EATING HOUNDS IN YOUR MEIGH BORHDOD PACK YOUR BLUNDER BUS AND NEXT TIME GNE HIM A TREATMENT WITH BOTH BARRELS ...



DO YOU EVER TRIM YOUR STREET TREES ? - OR DO YOU LET YOURS GROW DOWN TO THE SIDEWALK AND THEN CUSS YOUR MEIGHBOR BECAUSE GOING OUT ON THE SIDEWALK HE DOES LIKEWISE ?

ARE YOU ONE OF THE BIRDS WHO LEAVES THE SPRINKLER AND THEN FORGETS ABOUT IT ?





STATE TREASURER - GUARDING OUR MATURAL RESOURCES

THE ROUNDUP RHYME

By F. F. M.

It's hard for a booster to change his style and put on another dress,

And call the village he's living in the "City of Selfishness," But when he thinks of the various pests that make his life

He feels like jumping upon his hat and daring the world to fight!

There's the fellow who never thinks of a haircut for his

Until some day when he's climbed from bed just an hour before the dawn; And the guy who tunes his Henry car in the gray of half-

When all the neighbors in seven blocks are anxious to eat

And the business man who reads his book while his sprinkler wets the walk

As every pedestrian on the street through the mud and dirt must walk; And the mutt who lets his palm leaves droop until they

catch the eye Or scratch the face of every one who happens to ramble by;

There's the motorcycle enthusiast who never, never thinks Of the folks next door who are trying hard to get their forty winks;

There's the yodler, too, with his raucous voice, and the woman across the way

Who believes a player piano tune is the way to start the day.

So let us unite on the Phoenix pests while we sneak up to the door

To hand them a package of good, hard knocks that will last them forevermore.

For they never think of the Golden Rule like other people do, And what they have done to the writer of this they have often done to you!



